Glue

that glue that joins us: reciprocity's soft nudge, your kind act's applause

"I hear you, my friend
I accept your outstretched hand
I'm here in your world"

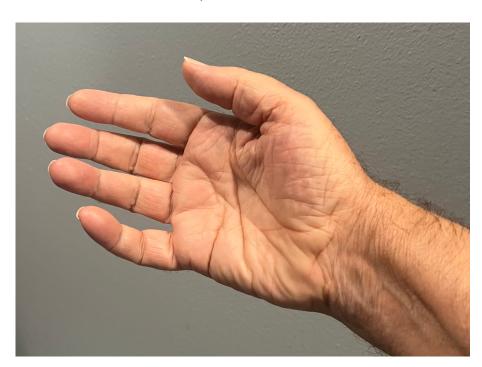
but in reply's void, the sound of one hand clapping, what am I to hear?

no answer ... I wait ...

"nature abhors a vacuum"

assumptions rush in

spurned glue surely dries, puddled on hard barren ground, a pool of sorrow



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